

The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. II.—NO. 52.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

A Child's Reminiscence.

PRE-VERSE.

Out of the rocky cradle,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,
Out of the boy's mother's womb, and from the nipples
Of her breasts,
Out of the Ninth-Month midnight,
Over the sterile sea-sands, and the fields beyond, where
The child, leaving his bed, wandered alone, bare-
headed, barefoot,
Down from the showered halo and the moonbeams,
Up from the mystic play of shadows twining and
twisting as if they were alive,
Out from the patches of briars and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,
From your memories, sad brother—from the fiftieth
flashes and fallings I heard,
From that night, infantile, under the yellow half-
moon, late-risen, and swollen as it with tears,
From those beginning notes of sickness and love, there
in the mist,
From the thousand responses in my heart, never to
cease,
From the myriad thence-arrived words,
From the word stronger and more delicious than any,
From such, as now they start, the scene revisiting,
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,
Some hither—ere all children me, hurriedly,
A man—yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, I,
Confronting the waves, sing.

REMINISCENCE.

Once, Panmanok,
Fifteenth-century, in some briars,
Two crows from Alabama, too together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs, spotted with
brown,
And every day the he-bird, to and fro, near at hand,
And every day the she-bird, crouched on her nest, si-
lent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never
disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! Shine!
Pearl down your wings, Summer sun!
We look, we two together

Two together!
Winds blow South, or winds blow North,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
If we two had kept together.

Till all of a sudden,
May be killed, unkind to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the nest,
Nor returned that day or night, nor the next,
Nor ever appeared again.

And thenceforward, all that Spring,
And all that Summer, in the sound of the sea,
And at night, under the full of the moon, in calmer
weather,
Over the hoarse singing of the sea,
Or flitting from briar to briar by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-
bird.
The solitary guest from Alabama

Blue! Blue!
Blue up so-south along Panmanok's shore!
I wait and I wait,
Till you blue my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glistened,
All night long, on the prong of a moss-scaled stake,
Down, close by the shore, almost amid the slapping
waves,
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.

He called on his mate,
He poured forth the meanings which now I, of all men,
know.

Yes, my brother, I know,
The rest might not—but I have treasured every note,
For every night, dimly, down to the beach glistening,
Shent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with
the shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the
sounds and sights after their sort.
The white arms out in the breakers thrice-tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listened long and long.

Which now I too sing,
Repeating, translating the notes,
Following you, my brother.

Soot! Soot!
Soot on its wings, under the wave behind,
And again another behind, embracing and leaping, every one
close
But my love neither set me.

Love hangs the moon, it runs late,
O it is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love.

O sadly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love—with love.

O night!
O do I not see my love fluttering out there among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

Land! Land!
Land I call to you my love!
High and clear I shout my voice over the waves,
Surely you must know who I am,
You must know who I am, my love.

Love-hungry moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O it is the shape of my mate!
O moon do not keep her from me any longer.

Land! O land!
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate
back again, if you would,
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise with some of you.

O threat!
Said clearer through the atmosphere!

THE LOVE OF A PUPPET!

A Christmas Story.

Written for The New-York Saturday Press
BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Long ago, long before General Washington snubbed
a King, and set up a coat-of-arms on his own account;
long before the stars and stripes waved over this happy
land; long before the Genius of America rose up sub-
limely under the crepuscular pinions of the Spread-
Eagle; in short, long before anything in particular
had happened to this great and glorious Continent,
there stood a narrow-windowed, gambrel-roofed, well-
to-do mansion, on the spot now known as the Four-
Corners. The four roads meet there to this day; but
the old house is gone forever and ever—faded out like
a shilling emblem; more's the pity, for it was a fine
edifice, in its glory, and sported a cupola (there were
only three in the colony), from which you could see
the garrison-house at Portsmouth, and beyond, the
white-caps of the Atlantic, breaking in silver and
azure on Newcastle Light.

At the period of which I write, there dwelt between
the walls of this prepossessing piece of architecture
the following more or less interesting personages:
1. Worshipful Godfrey Pyncheon (the Heavy Father
of our little drama);
2. Madam Hepzibah Pyncheon (the Mercenary Mo-
ther);
3. Kathie Pyncheon (the Heroine coming to grief).

The worshipful Godfrey Pyncheon had once been a
man of great wealth; but a series of disasters, includ-
ing a scapular-frolic on the part of the neighboring
Womansaps, had reduced his fortune to about forty
acres of good land, the Pyncheon mansion, and the
Pyncheon family. In the last was his sweetest wealth,
though he did not know it. I refer to Kathie Pyncheon,
who, as I have intimated, is the Juliet of our melo-
drama. She must suffer the penalty of heroines. She
must be deceived.

Never, since gentlemen were invented; never, since
the first author wrote the first goosequill in the first in-
khorn, preparatory to dashing off his first chapter, was
there ever a heroine so hard to describe as Kathie
Pyncheon, nor a scribbler less able to describe her than
myself. I might, indeed, tell you something about the
trimmest little figure, and the sauciest blue eyes,
that ever fell to the lot of a Puritan maiden; but I
hate to catalogue the charms of a lovely woman.
That Kathie was lovely, there can be no doubt in the
mind of man. The lady of the village were distracted
about her; the old men looked at her sunny face, and
immediately remembered their courting-days; and
even her rivals forgave her beauty, she was such a
warm-hearted, blithe little wretch.

It would take me all day to draw up merely a list of
the masculine hearts which this playful Lamb split in
two, at divers times, from the moment she put on long
dresses until her seventeenth year. So I shall not do
it. But at last Kathie herself came to grief, and it is
at this momentous epoch that our curtain rises, and
the play begins.

It was snowing, as it can snow only in New Eng-
land. Great white feathers came floating down from
the cold gray clouds, darkening the whole atmosphere.
Stone-walls, and roads, and barns, and fat comfortable
farmhouses, appeared to sink gradually into the earth,
threatening to leave every thing level.

At one of the diamond-shaped windows of the
Pyncheon house stood Kathie, looking at the snow—
no she wasn't. She was weeping and trying not to
weep. The instant a tear came, she wiped it in the
bud with a pocket-handkerchief, small enough to be
the personal property of a fairy; but scarcely was one
tear wiped away, when another sprung up to take its
place, just like Indians in a skirmish. Now, as a gen-
eral thing, I am not fond of Niobe. Women are not
pretty when they cry. But Kathie was not a common
woman, and she never looked lovelier than she did
at that identical moment. Her sweet face was shrunken
like a maid's, in her rich blonde hair; her lips were
red and pouty; and her soft white bosom rose and fell
with a certain sort of archness, in spite of her sorrow.
Altogether, she was very charming as she stood there
at the window of the quaint old mansion, weeping.
Imagine one of Hopkin's almond-eyed women looking
out of a Gothic window by Vaux, upon one of the young
Boughton's Winter scenes.

The frost steals steadily over the pane, and the fair
face is lost.
In the same room with Kathie Pyncheon was her
mother, an oldish lady with sharp features, who sat by
the wide-mouthed fireplace, toasting her feet in the
face and eyes of two grotesque andridons. This per-
sonage, austere and severe to look at, as she sat in the
red shadows of the blazing hemlock-logs, was by no
means a woman not to be respected. She had her
weak side, like the most immaculate of us; and it is
our special fault if she comes to the reader wrong-
side up. At present she does not appear in an amiable
light; for what plaintiff can appear amiable while
arguing that money and age are sweeter things than love
and youth?

The defendant stood by the deep-set casement, tear-
ful and vexed, though the plaintiff, thus far, had got
the worst of it.
There had been a lengthy and spirited conversation
going on between these two while we stood outside,
like a pair of cold-blooded monsters, admiring Kathie's
troubled face from an art-point of view. It was one
of those lip-contests in which women are such gladi-
ators. Heaven's what wounds they give and take, and
never flinch a bit! Now and then an awful thrust will
bring the tears—but that's only a pleasant kind of
bleeding.

Kathie laid her hot face against the cool window-
glass; the enemy folded her hands over her knees;
and it was a truce between them. But it was not of
long duration, for the enemy in retreating wished to
be a parting shot. Presently Madam Pyncheon looked
up.

"Dave Howe's grandfather came over in the May-
flower. A proper good family is Dave Howe's, and
very, very old."
"So he is," said the Lamb at the window.
There were none so deaf as those who won't hear.
"He owns the new wheat-house. He is a man of
mark. He is so rich as—"

As he can be, Madam Pyncheon was going to say.
"As he is ugly, Kathie was going to say.
But neither finished the sentence. It was cut short
by an interruption, and the interruption proceeded
from Kathie herself.

While Madam Pyncheon was exploiting Dave Howe's
pedigree, Kathie had been unconsciously tracing some-
thing on the window-pane with one of her taper
fingers. When Kathie's tearful eyes fell upon her
handwriting, she broke out in a silvery ringing laugh,
and pointed to the window.

"What's that, child?" cried Madam Pyncheon,
startled.
"Only see!" said Kathie laughing through her
tears. [I shall not affect the reader with a venerable

allusion to April.] "Only see! It is for all the world
just like it!"
"Like what, Kathie?" said the enemy, perplexed
and interested.
And this is what the Lamb's pearl of a nail had
traced in the frosty glass:



"Why, Dave Howe's nose!" shrieked Kathie.
The enemy held up her hands in horror.
At this moment Edward Pyncheon came in from the
barn. As he brushed the snow off his long peruke, he
looked at his wife, and the following silent dialogue
took place:
His eye. Have you told her?
His eye. Yes.
His eye. What does she say?
Her eye. NO!

Wrote Kathie, feverish and sick at heart, throws
herself on a two-story bed hung with stiff, white di-
nity, and Mr. Pyncheon and his wife sit by the fireplace,
down stairs, occupied with no pleasant thoughts. I will
let the reader into the secret of Kathie's fears.

Next to the Pyncheon estate was Squire Howe's farm
—the best filled and most valuable tract of land in the
township. This fact had frequently impressed itself on
old Pyncheon's mind, but never so forcibly as when
Dave Howe's son, who had been educated by his fa-
ther's relatives in England, returned to the home-
stead to assist Dave in managing the establishment, and
ultimately, to be its sole proprietor. Mr. Pyncheon
looked at Kathie, and then at Richard Howe, a d
said,

"They were made for each other."
And when the old gentleman saw his roguish daugh-
ter flirting just a little with his rich neighbor's son,
his heart was glad within him. But at the very mo-
ment when his hopes were brightest, and his heart was
lightest, an event took place which rather interfered
with his plans.

Richard Howe died.
Kathie was sorry, as anybody is when anybody dies.
Then old Pyncheon, like the philosopher he was, said
to himself:

"If Kathie can't wed Dave Howe's son—and she
can't, he being dead—she can wed Richard Howe's fa-
ther."
It was a brilliant idea.

But Kathie failed to see it. In fact, at that time
Kathie did not see much of anything, save Walter
Brandt. It is not quite plain to me how this came
about; but one day as young Brandt stood looking at
Kathie with all his eyes, there was a tumult among
the rose-leaves on Kathie's cheek; and Kathie's heart
went beating against Kathie's corsets in a manner mar-
vellous to think of. It was all over with the Lamb
as quick as that. The Lamb stirred no more. So it
came to pass that Kathie did not weep so much for
Richard Howe as she might have done under different
circumstances.

When Mr. Pyncheon was informed of these things by
an officious neighbor, that gentleman was wroth over-
much.

"Walter Brandt," he said, "hath not land enough
for a crow to stand on. I'll hear no more of it!"
Then there was trouble in the family. The doors of
the Pyncheon house were closed against Walter, and
Kathie was forbidden to hold converse with the Out-
cast.

"I cannot get rich here," said Walter Brandt. "I'll
seek fortune elsewhere. Will you be true to me,
Kathie? Will you marry me, if I come back within
three years, Kathie?"

"Ay, if you come back within fifty years!" said the
brave little Puritan maiden.
So they kissed, and cried, and parted, as many a pair
has done before and since.

Walter had been gone over two years. One, only
one letter—which Kathie wrote right next to her warm
heart—was the tidings that had reached her from the
wanderer. In those days, however, people seldom
got more than three or four letters during their entire
lives. Kathie made the most of one, and waited pa-
tiently for the happy day; and would not have been
utterly wretched if Dave Howe's name had not become
a familiar word in her family. Then Dave Howe him-
self, under favor of Mr. Pyncheon's sanction, pressed his
suit with Kathie, and made himself very disagreeable.

In the meanwhile, Kathie had been treated with great
tenderness by her parents, who used all their gentle
eloquence to persuade the Lamb to drink at the same
stream with the old wolf. But she wouldn't.

One day things took an unpleasant course.
"Widow Brandt's son is coming back to the settle-
ment," said neighbor Goodman to neighbor Pyncheon.
Mr. Pyncheon wheeled about on one heel.

"How d'ye know?" he asked, sharply.
"My brother has writ it to me from Holland," said
neighbor Goodman proudly. And he drew out the
letter.

"Have you told this to any one?"
"Nay, I have this moment received the document."
"John, you shall have that strip of hay-lard for your
offer."

"Thank you, neighbor Pyncheon, heartily."
And Mr. Pyncheon made a faint of hurrying off; he
walked two paces, passed, and said, in a nervous man-
ner:

"And, John, you'll not need to mention—that affair
—the letter—you know. And, John, how long would
it take to go to Holland?"
He meant how long would it take to come from
there.

"Three months or more," said John.
Mr. Pyncheon went home.
Kathie shall marry Dave Howe this Christmas,"
said he.

"But I won't!" said Kathie, when Madam Pyncheon
broke the subject to her; and then ensued that
combat which ended in blood and in ignominious tears.
As the old folks sat by the fire that night, and the
candle-like clock on the staircase doled out eight, old
Mr. Pyncheon started abruptly, and looked up at his
wife.

"Four years ago to-night—"
"Then she too remembered."
Four years ago that day, their son Will was lost of
Newcastle Light. Four years ago that night, the waves
threw his body, scornfully, on the rocks.
It was a sorry anniversary for the Pyncheon family.

III.
In a smoky, dingy inn, in one of the signing streets
of a Dutch smoking-town, three sailors sat at a stained
oak table, smoking clay-pipes and drinking from huge

pewter tankards. There was a clinking of glasses and a
clashing of low Dutch at the back end of the room,
where the innkeeper stood behind a rough counter re-
ceiving the small change. At round squat-tables, in
various parts of the room, and knots of obese bachelors,
playing with greasy cards and soiled dominoes. They
all wore long, ferocious-looking beards, and might have
been taken for malignant goblins in the dense smoke
which filled and clouded the apartment—smoke from
thirty industrious pipes, smoke from the spluttering
garlic and potatoes which were being fried in the next
room.

As the three foreign sailors leaned over the table,
taking tempestuous draughts of the frothy beer, an old
woman, who appeared to grow out of the stifled at-
mosphere, suddenly stood beside them. She was gaunt
and shaky like a skeleton, and her white hair hung
wildly about her face.

It was Margaret Van Eyck, the fortune-teller.
"Would ye know your destinies, myneers?" said a
creaking voice.

One of the men, a giant of a fellow, with bushy
black hair, held out a brawny hand to the woman, and
winked a small sunken eye at his companions.
The crows looked at the lines in his palm, and shook
their heads.

"You will die before a twelvemonth."
"Gramercy!" cried the other two sailors.
"You lie, I shan't!" said the man, withdrawing his
hand quickly. "Up sail and be off, or I'll dash this
grog over your ugly cut-water!"

And the man raised the heavy tankard menacingly.
A strong hand was laid on his arm.
"Jack, I should forget we were messmates if you
did that."

"There, Walter, boy," said the man, putting down
the tankard; "I can't stand them phantom-ships.
Tell her to cheer off!"

"What's your name?" asked the crows, stooping
over the sailor whose interference had saved her a
wetting.

"Walter Brandt," said the man, who was so good
and brave, that he would have told his name to the
devil himself.

"Come here, Walter Brandt," said old Margaret,
moving slowly toward the door.
The sailor rose from his seat, and followed her good-
naturedly.

"Have ye wife, or child, or sweetheart, across the
ocean?"
"Ay," said Walter Brandt.
"A sweetheart! I see her in your eyes!"

"It is likely enough, for Kathie was always there."
"Would it make her heart leap to hear from you
this night?"

"Like a rabbit," said Walter Brandt.
"Then, here, take this," and the old woman handed
Walter a small phial, filled with a dull greenish
liquid. "To-night, at twelve o'clock, never a mo-
ment sooner nor later, uncork the bottle, and before
you can wink thrice, there will be a sweet whisper at
your sweetheart's ear."

"Bless my eyes!" cried Walter Brandt.
You could have counted every one of the honest fel-
low's handsome teeth while old Margaret was telling him
this. He took the phial mechanically, placed it in
the pocket of his sou'wester, and went back won-
dering and doubtfully to his pipe.

The old crows vanished, as she came, in the smoke.
That afternoon, the big awkward lark, "Kathie
Pyncheon," Captain Brandt, put out to sea in a spanking
wind. Soon the black gray coast faded away like a
line of mist.

Then the sky darkened.
Then the wind boomed and hissed.
Then the sturdy lark, which rolled and floundered about
in the trough of the sea, like a safe comfortable old
tub, as it was, and never once thought of swamping.
On and on she went, under bare poles. When the sun
went down the gale increased in fury. The sea broke
clean over her deck. At midnight a man was washed
onboard. Walter was lashed to the helm, and as the
sailor was swept by him, he heard the poor wretch cry—

"A curse on that old witch!"
Then a great wave dashed Walter against the helm,
and the bottle in his pocket snapped. Wix! went
something through the air.

"Bless my eyes!" said Walter Brandt.
IV.
I am certain that my lady readers are sickish by this
time, and would like to be put on shore. You see I
have been out in the yacht "Zinga" with the gentle
creatures, and know all about it.

We are once more in New England.
The people of the Colonies, like modern and sinful
folk, had their amusements; and among the divers-
ions which most delighted the Puritan mind were—I
blush to say it—Puppet-shows.

Now, about this time there strolled into the village
of Portsmouth an eminent professor of Puppetry,
whose name is so long and unpronounceable, that I
shall call him Hans Von Meer-scham de Spuyten Duy-
vel, for brevity. This H. V. M. de S. D. was, in many
respects, a remarkable man—remarkably old, remark-
ably plain, and remarkably humane on the subject of
manikins. He had given his whole life to the manu-
facturing of modern men and women on a small scale,
and had brought the art to such perfection, that it was
absolutely startling to see his gimcracks strut about
the stage, and hear them chatter in the choicest fran-
cised German, for Von Meer-scham was a very clever
ventriloquist withal. He got up a sort of comic
tragedy in which his little people played with great
aptitude. Some of his love-scenes were quite as neat and
pathetic as anything you could see at the Winter Gar-
den, or the Volta's Garden, as to that matter. In fact,
when the puppet Corydon kissed the puppetess Chloe
in the second act, the Puritan maidens on the front
seats actually blushed, and more than one lugubrious
elder was observed to assume a look of severity.

Christmas was coming (I don't say this in a satirical
sense), and Von Meer-scham was devoting his energies
to the preparation of a show that should astonish the
natives. Early in the morning, and late at night, the
professor worked at his manikins with such suc-
cess that every now and then he fancied that he had ac-
complished the one desire of his life, to wit, to create
a real living, walking, talking, eating, digesting, pig-
my monster.

"That would be one astonishment," said Von Meer-
scham, chuckling.
So it would.

But just as Mynheer thought he had got everything
all right, imagined that the toy was about to draw a
preliminary breath, fancied that he felt it palpitate
between his fingers—just at that critical moment he
discovered that the wretched puppet was only wood
and paint, and glue and things, and not the genuine
article at all. Then Mynheer was in despair, for half
an hour, at the end of which time he commenced the
construction of another human being on new prin-
ciples, and never for a second doubted his success, until
the dreaded thing wouldn't walk nor talk, but only

he sat on its back, and stare at him with its unwin-
kling lobster eyes.

I have ventured into this slight episode, because I
think there is a moral in it—and morals are the most
useful things we can put into our two stockings during
Christmas-time. Like poor Von Meer-scham, the very
best of us—especially us miserable story-writers—do
little or nothing all our lives but make doll-puppets.
The statesman makes his; the merchant his; the phi-
losopher his; in short, there is no man so foolish, or so
wise, but he contributes one manikin, at least, to that
great puppet-show, the World.

And now—on road.
Von Meer-scham's workshop was in the loft of a tall
black-house which, in war-times, was used as a look-
out, to watch the operations of the rebelling. The
Indians, of late, had been engaged in a friendly home-
traffic in scalps, and the watchtower had fallen into
disuse, until Von Meer-scham moved into it with his
nicknacks, one day, after having paid a month's rent
in advance to the treasury of the commonwealth.

Hans Von Meer-scham sat in his curiosity-shop late
one night, as usual, putting the finishing touches to a
manikin on which he had lavished all the resources of
his ingenuity—a sailor-boy, one foot high, carved and
jointed in a most wonderful manner, and dressed to
the life in blue jacket, and flowing white duck trou-
sers, tight at the hips. The little imp all but breathed,
as he lay across the puppet-maker's knees, grinning
atrociously, and waiting patiently for Von Meer-scham
to put on the upper part of his skull. There was
something terrible in the boy, as it lay there, minus
the top of its cranium. The head was a shell of wood,
into which the artful professor had stuffed a ball of
cotton batting sprinkled with red pepper, to represent
brains. Two blue glass beads composed the eyes; the
lips were touched with vermilion; the nose and brow
were full of expression; and indeed the whole figure,
face and body, was a marvel of workmanship.

With a fine camel-hair brush, Von Meer-scham
was carefully applying a thin coating of glue to the
edges of a curly wig, which was to fit over the cavity
in the sailor-boy's head, and render him attractive.

"Twelve o'clock, and all's well," droned out the
village watchman.
A sudden gust of wind blew back the wooden shut-
ter, and nearly extinguished the professor's candle.
Whiz! went something through the air, and flop! went
something into the cotton and pepper brain of the
puppet on his knee. Von Meer-scham, who had
not noticed this, carefully fitted the curly wig on the
doll's head.

Then the sailor-boy rolled off the old man's knee,
fell plump on the floor, and sprung on its feet in a jiffy.
"Bless my eyes!" cried the manikin, giving a man-
icled hitch to his little trousers.

Von Meer-scham nearly dropped out of his chair
with astonishment.
"Ter tyte!" exclaimed Von Meer-scham, surveying
himself.

"Ter tyte! ter tyte! ter tyte!" cried the old pup-
pet-maker, dancing round the room in delight. "I
made him mit my own hands! O, ter tyte! ter tyte!"

Then he laughed, then he cried; then he stopped and
looked at the Wonder; then he was off again, forty
horse-power, shouting that name which is never heard
in polite society without a shudder.

"Let me out, you lubber!" shrieked the manikin.
"You lubber!" shouted Von Meer-scham, in ecsta-
cy; "and I made him mit my own hands!"
And away he went round the room like mad.

Two bright sparks flew from the manikin's eyes.
"I'll jump out this window, you old fool!" cried
the imp, and he ran to the casement.

Von Meer-scham stood aghast; then he made one
dash at the manikin and caught him by the leg just as
he was disappearing.

"O, you will, will you!" cried the exasperated pro-
fessor, and he administered such a spanking to the
puppet as nourchin in the settlement could have lived
through.

O, how mad the manikin was!
He gritted his little teeth, he clenched his fists, he
nearly strangled with rage. Then he thrust his hand
into his pocket for a plug of pigtail to chew his wrath
on.

When Von Meer-scham beheld that he was off again
"I'll make my fortune mit him!" cried Von Meer-
scham, bursting with happiness.

"No you won't," said the manikin, who appeared
to understand everything perfectly. "I won't play
I'll knock all your wooden puppets into splinters, blast
their eyes!"

This threat fell like a thunderbolt on Von Meer-
scham. He saw at a glance that all depended on the
will of the manikin, and here he had been beating him
the first thing! Beating him, just as Mrs. Jones beats
little Jones when he falls overboard and neglects to
draw himself!

Then the old puppet-maker took the manikin on his
knee and begged his pardon, and kissed him, and cried
over him, like an old idiot. And from that moment
Von Meer-scham was the unhappy slave of his manikin.

He cringed before him, he worshipped him; he felt him
on his knees and pined incessantly, and even starved
his own poor stomach to buy grog for the awful little
monster. He did everything in the world for the best
but give him his freedom, which, of course, was the
only thing in the world that it wanted. He had an
immense tub of water, and built miniature corvettes for
Captain Jack to launch and amuse himself with. He
erected a splendid mansion for Captain Jack, and back-
ed him up in it carefully every night. And then Cap-
tain Jack would knock over the tables, and break the
chairs, and kick out the fireplace, and damage things
generally. Then he would swing himself in his yam
hammock, strut across the best parlor, and bob up his
funny little head every once in awhile, and along poor
old Von Meer-scham like a pickpocket!

To record the conversations which took place between
the old man and the manikin, would be to fill up twen-
ty quarto volumes; but the gist of all was:

Manikin—"Let me out! let me out!"
Von M.—"What for, mine little man?"
Manikin—"To see her, mine little man!"
Von M.—"To see who, mine darling little man?"
But the manikin refused to explain.

Day after day went by, and poor Von Meer-scham
was driven to the verge of distraction by the glances of
that wretched little beggar.

"You're no shentleman," said Von Meer-scham to
him one day, severely.

"Bless my eyes!" cried the manikin, walking lame
like Von Meer-scham.

Weeks flew on, and matters became worse. The
manikin appeared to be suffering agonies. He refused to
eat, and the professor was in despair. He had to
take a reef in the waistband of Captain Jack's trousers;
and the puppet grew thinner and thinner every day.

One morning Von Meer-scham walked into his shop,
troubled and perplexed in the extreme, like that re-
spectable colored person in the play of Othello. He
opened the door of Captain Jack's house and begged
him to come out.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Philadelphia Etiquette.

There is a great row going on over yonder, on the banks of the Delaware. It is not about the Union, nor the medical students, nor Mr. George William Curtis. It is apropos to Brignoli, and all about etiquette. Here is the story:

The Philadelphiaans see Patti to an immense extent. She is a good girl, and does not hesitate to say that Philadelphia is charming; that the red-birds are "nice," and the butter "sweet."

Certainly she has had quite enough of the better. The Philadelphiaans on the other hand, don't see Brignoli. He is a man, a tall boy, who looks like a broad street, and makes love to the prettiest girls in the place, directly under the nose of the post-boys.

In New York, he is not over popular, personally; in Philadelphia, his inauspicious is quite proportionate to the colossal rage of the villagers against him.

Last Saturday night Patti sang for the custodians of the Mint and Independence Hall.

Chestnut street emptied its young men into the Academy, Broad street, and boulevards flourished in the stockholders' pen. (They corral them, like cattle in boulevards.)

Patti was called out. The stage was covered with boulevards.

The warblers, Brignoli and Patti, appeared. Excitement among the broad street youths. Brignoli picks up one bouquet and hands it to Patti. The other five and forty floral offerings to the shrine of Genius remain upon the stage. Great indignation among the broad street youths.

Patti must be had out again. More vegetables. She appears, led by Brignoli. More vegetables. He picks up one bouquet, and hands the five or six to Patti's eyes get larger than ever, and I am afraid that she is laughing.

The fury of the infants now rises to the boiling point. Patti must appear again. The old scene is repeated. Brignoli picks up ONE bouquet.

And there was much wailing, and cursing, and gnashing of teeth, over the bars of the Girard Hotel. The bouquet-brigade had the pleasure to see their offerings picked up by a "super," and as the odor of flowers isn't nice for the voice, it is more than probable that none of the bouquets ever approximated the angelic nose, or were even touched by the divine hands of the prima donna.

Of course this is a great thing for the local papers. For the moment, it has diverted attention from that mad dog who is shot every day by Officer Stimpkins in Moaningson, or the new dry-goods shop of Snip & Co. in the Chestnut street.

The *Deputy* pitches into Brignoli, and says he is a "super-duper."

Mon dieu! And he keeps a couple! But who? who is this proud cavalier, this Bayard, this "Chesterfield," this Amalie de Gaul, this Count d'Orsay, this Frank Wadell, who comes to the rescue of the gentle Neapolitan?

It is that "d—d elegant gentleman" (excuse the expletive), that sweet-scented, suave, agreeable, and, next to Gurovski, the cleanest, most delicate, and the most refined of savants, philosophers, and critics, the Sultan of the Philadelphia Press, the bosom friend of Lord Brougham, and the late Doctor Macmillan—R. Shelton MacKenzie, Esquire, D.C.L.

Hear the learned Doctor:

The bouquet, to which Brignoli strictly adhered, is for the gentleman who hands on a candidate to pick up one bouquet, and have the *service* of a bouquet, to pick up the bouquet. And, indeed, he had done so, as we noticed, on previous nights. A true bouquet is not expected to be a bouquet. Brignoli fulfilled the bouquet of the situation by receiving bouquet-signature Patti was ordinary bouquet.

There, don't you feel better now? I do. As for the bouquet-business, I never could see it; and, if I were a prince lady, I should prefer the cost of a bouquet to the cost of a bouquet.

About Brignoli, however, the Doctor was half right; and when the tenor came on the stage on Monday, he was astonished by some applause. So it does the Philadelphiaans good to be snubbed occasionally.

Faith Divers.

The French Theatre has come to an untimely end. Sage wasn't so wise as he believed himself to be, and the subscribers, all but forty, "caved in."

The artists have been exiled to the Bowery (Hoy's) Theatre, where they announce *La Dame aux Camélias* for Thursday and Saturday of this week.

Montaigne, Sam Cowell keeps things going at a lively rate at the French Theatre.

Bourgeois is to be stage-manager at Laura Keane's Theatre, where he proposes to bring out *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, Miss Keane and Robertson as *Joan* and *Effie* Dunn. They can quote this pretty thing out of the divine Williams (edited by Miss Keane and Genio C. Scott):

Like to a double cherry serving parted; But yet a union in the death.

Two lovely berries muddled on one stem.

There now, who says I can't say nice things about people?

Mrs. Wood, who has finished fascinating the Philadelphiaans, will probably return to the Winter Garden.

Something for the New York Bar.

There have been two new theatres opened down-town this week—one in the Superior Court, and the other in the Circuit Court of the United States. *The Great Divorce* Case, a very long, if not very clever drama, was revived in the Superior, with the old cast: Mr. O'Connor as *Mrs. Forrest*, and Mr. John Van Buren as *Mr. Forrest*. Van Buren, finding his role a little heavy, called in a clever young man named Bely, an Irish comedian, to help him out with it. They had got as far as the fourth act at the last accounts.

In the Circuit Court, the old farce, *Diamond Cut Diamond*, had been revived, under the title of *The Tale of the Octopus*, inasmuch as Mr. Green C. Brown, one of the best heavy old men in the country (and lately engaged to do the Notary at the Municipal Theatre), appears as *Mr. Short* and Mr. Paddy (Cornican Brothers), and Mr. Cram, who has had some experience in eccentric comedy under Mr. Burton's management, plays *Mr. Bourgeois*. The manuscript, which has been handed to the stage-manager, Ingels, who being engaged in getting up a nautical drama, postponed the reading of the new play till to-day.

One of the oldest performers in this theatre wants to know how it is that Mr. Fields comes to administer on the effects of the Winter Garden before its decease.

That's considered a good thing about the Courts.

They have also at rehearsal at the Marine Court a lively little comedy for Laura Keane and George Jordan, called, *Wanted, a Week's Salary*.

Hache & Laura Keane.

For a clever woman, Miss Laura Keane is certainly a very bad critic of plays.

Now I don't say that as the result of rejected addresses; for Miss Keane never refused any play of mine. Indeed, she ought to be the heaven-born goddess for authors, for she has given a chance to things that any one else would have thrown out of the window.

The hash which she calls a comedy is precisely one of those things.

I don't think it ever had an author. It seems like one of those interesting works cooked up between the box-office and the green-room, and resembling, for all the world, the mass which they get up in the cheap eating and boarding houses—a vile olla podrida, composed of the leavings of yesterday's dinner. My friend the Bohemian can tell you all about it.

The fact is, that *Diamond Relation* has not the remotest connection with comedy. There is no plot, no intrigue, no epigrammatic dialogue; and the characters, especially those supposed to represent high life, are not quite so artistically done as the first drawings of a schoolboy with a piece of chalk, on a board fence.

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And then the taking of the name of Anna Maria in vain!

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Likewise familiar to the Oldest Man as well as to the Youngest Poet, is the awful grief of Brignoli over *Anna's* supposed faux pas, her terrible anguish at the end of the second act, her remarkable gymnastic feats in the third, and the extraordinary vocal flights in which she expresses her satisfaction at the happy termination of affairs, and tells everybody not to mingle one human feeling, say the question of Rodolph, bridesmaids, and breakfast, with the ill which is being revealed to her through the medium of the Tenor, who is very happy and very much ashamed of himself, as I'm sure every man (Anna Maria speaks) that goes and makes such a fool of himself as that ought to be.

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A requiem and a jubilee!

An infant born, a mother dead!

A storm without, a wall within!

A storm without, a wall within!

A father's half-averted eye!

Hot tears above a white robe shed!

A flickering firelight in the room,

Strange shadows swirling 'mid the gloom,

A broken flower, a bud's fresh bloom,

A life that wrought its giver's doom!

Thus welcomed in an ominous hour,

A new soul wakened on the earth;

With death and sorrow in the heart!

What fate is hid in coming years?

Thus heralded by such a birth!

A loveless childhood, wild and low;

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TERMS—\$7.50 a year; Five Cents a single number.

SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to any part of the Union
the receipt of five cents in postage stamps.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor and Publisher.

BRANCH OFFICE OF THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS
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Office, No. 37 Wall street, New York

BENJ. H. HOWELL, President.
ABNER TAYLOR, Vice-President.
H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

and the Policy of this Company fully protect Mortgagee's interests.

JULY, 1859.

[illegible]

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SECOND.—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following statement showing the position of the Company in each year since our new system was adopted:

JULY, 1896, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	\$750,267 47
" 1897, " " " "	949,719 54
" 1898, " " " "	751,806 52
" 1899, Gross Assets, " "	980,081 78
" " Liabilities, " "	16,514 37

THIRD.—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH.—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such Policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as low as ANY COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
CYRUS PECK,

H. H. LAMPORT,

The Gebbard Fire Insurance Company

OFFICES:
19 NASSAU STREET, AND
BULL-HARD BANK BUILDING,
Corner East 21st street and 3d avenue
CASH CAPITAL - - - \$200,000

DIRECTORS:

William D. Waddington, President.	James Guerdin,
Frederick Schuchardt,	J. P. Girard Foster,
Adrian Insell,	James C. Cooper,
Edward Jones,	K. Von der Heydt,
Robert Lemox Kennedy,	M. B. Beckley,
Edward Buchhardt,	James S. Madaworth,
Samuel N. Beckman,	Cornelius Du Bois,
N. W. Stuyvesant,	William Schall,
Charles De Rham,	George Griswold, Jr.,
A. M. Agnew,	Martin Fabrickie,
William Woodgood,	Franklin H. Deane,
William F. Gray, Jr.,	Hamilton Hydenburgh,
George A. Robbins,	W. H. Weston,
Samuel N. Michie, Jr.	

David Jones,
WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.
JOHN R. BARRS, Secretary.

LIFE INSURANCE CO.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF BOSTON.

Have just declared a dividend of \$700,000 in Franchise paid and received
the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders,
as follows:—

\$6 per cent. to all members since	1853.
" " " " " " " "	" 1868.
" " " " " " " "	" 1847.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund Dec. 1, 1887,	\$1,706,522 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	\$400,262 21
Estimated deterioration of assets arising from difference of age,	\$8,000 00
Estimated of losses not heard from,	\$0,000 00
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent on the amount of every policy of the Company,	69,761 00

and charges accruing at ages
 1,216 00
 Amount of surplus for distribution, 233,754 00, \$1,216,672 00
 The American Mutual Life Insurance
 Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely M
 tual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the
 insured.
 Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married w
 men, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Credit
 ors may insure the lives of debtors.
 Loans are made on security of bonds and information respec
 ting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at
 the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broa
 way, New York city.

JOHN HOPPEE.
 Agent and Attorney for the Company.

PRINTED AT ALLEN'S OFFICE, 93 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.